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AUG 1973

THE

LESBIAN TIDE

A FEMINIST PUBLICATION, WRITTEN BY AND FOR THE RISING TIDE OF WOMEN TODAY.

50¢ in L. A. Area
65¢ Elsewhere



The

LESBIAN TIDE

VOLUME 3, NUMBER 1

THE TIDE COLLECTIVE

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Diane Banos
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Joanie Swiedler
Kathy White

BUSINESS AND COMMUNITY RELATIONS

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BUSINESS AND COORDINATION

Denise Fox

EDITORIAL

Alice Bloch
Jeanne Cordova
Peggy Kimball
Barbara McLean
Nancy

FINANCE

Trish Vakarcs

PRODUCTION

Dayna Agan
Jan Lydon
Maggie
Marg
Tyler

Graphics by Maggie Brauner

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The LESBIAN TIDE is a feminist lesbian magazine. It is financially supported by the community it serves and is maintained by the pride, time, and efforts of a working collective of lesbians. Published by The Tide Collective.

This publication is on file at the International Women's History Archive, 2235 Oak St., Berkeley, Calif. 94708, and is available on microfilm through Bell and Howell, Drawer "E", Wooster, Ohio, 44691.

FROM US

ON OUR 2ND BIRTHDAY



The *Lesbian Tide* was born in August, 1971, then the Newsletter/Magazine of the Los Angeles chapter of D.O.B. (now defunct). The staff: Jeanne, Deeni, Caren, Gail, Barbara...no previous experience, no money. We did EVERYTHING by hand. We did it because we saw a need. L.A. had no lesbian / feminist press. There it was, a very little magazine, working hard to reflect the issues in L.A.: old gay vs. new gay, the birth of the first lesbian mother's organization. "This magazine is a lesbian publication. Written by and for the rising tide of Gay women today; it will speak of their numbers, their lives, their ideas and their pride..."

In November 1971, we wrote about the L.A. Intergroup Council (Representatives from DOB, Lesbian Feminists, Gay Women's Service Center), the council's Task Force for Education. We wrote about M.C.C., printed the speech Jeanne delivered at UCLA, did a Herstory on June Herrle (G.C.S.C.), and printed an article titled "Sisterhood" by Elaine Sinclair of New York D.O.B. It began, "Did a sister have an idea, take some action, do something? Tear her down, ridicule her, destroy her. Is she bright, ambitious, skilled? Outshout her, scream and swear, mock her."

Some things haven't changed at all.

The Christmas, 1971 issue: More on the Intergroup council. "Rumblings from Intergroup Council have been heard for some time now regarding 1) In what ways is the council representative of and/or responsible to the organizations? 2) should the Task Force for Education form a fourth organization and declare itself financially independent of the council? 3) who and what is the Intergroup Council, since it no longer receives real support from the organizations (that it is to represent)?" The council was making waves in L.A. Women who wouldn't speak to each other before were now working together...and liking it. The waves hit D.O.B. "Just who are you loyal to, the council or D.O.B.?" The crack which was to become the big split began. January, 1972: Inside back cover, "ABOUT US ... Since its inception...The *Lesbian Tide* has been a DOB publication. At the recent DOB business meeting, the staff of the *Lesbian Tide* asked for and was granted independence. This means that as of this date, the *Lesbian Tide* is non-group affiliated, an independent magazine. It is supported by the pride, time and efforts of a working collective of Gay women...the

staff of the *Lesbian Tide*." A working collective of Gay women: now Jeanne, Sharon, Lynne, Deeni, Sami, Kay, Caren, Gail, Barbara. Well, not REALLY a collective. The word was so new to us. We hardly knew its meaning...its real meaning. We wrote about Sisters Liberated House, a project of the Intergroup Council, a home for women who had no home. Great idea. Still is. There were high hopes in January. Everyone would talk about it at the Lesbian Feminist Coffee House on Saturday nights at the Women's Center. The Women's Center was going strong then. They had classes in EVERYTHING. The Intergroup council changed its name to the Lesbian Coalition of Southern California. Sisters from San Diego came all the way up to L.A. for the meetings-and we made sure they went back with copies of the *Lesbian Tide*. Circulation then: about 400 per month. And already we were complaining about collating.

February, 1972: We began to act a little more professional. Down to the L.A. convention center to do a story on Shirley Chisholm campaigning for the presidency. Had problems getting the *Lesbian Tide* in a number of places, like the local gay women's bars. Owners didn't like the word "Lesbian" right there on the front cover of the magazine. Should we change the name? No. Damn it! THAT is what we're all about! L.A. D.O.B. folds.

May, 1972: A shiny cover and 26 pages! Really looking better. Jayne, Laura, Rita, Jeri, Kelly, Bee and Tyler joined us. We were now 14. "Where its at", a public service column is now a regular feature along with the Calendar. Lesbians on the cover are marching in the Anti-War demonstration. Kelly is doing an exposé of The Sybil Brand Institute for Woman — L.A.'s Women's Jail, famous for its "Daddy Tank"—where they put gay women to segregate them from their potential victims. Now beginning to get ads, a bookstore and two bars. The West Side Womens Center is now in operation. Get some *Lesbian Tides* over there. Circulation now about 600, mostly local distribution. We talk about going National - seriously.

June 72...Christopher Street West, thoughts on collective living. Marge Buckley running for L.A. District Attorney, the Demise of the "Herstory" column, the California Committe for Social Law Reform now in the news. Sisters Liberation House", a half way house, now changed to "Sisters Liberated House", to be a living collective of is women. They advertise in the *Tide*." VACANCIES. Bars, particularly in the valley, hide the *Lesbian Tide* under the counters. Pretty hard to sell it that way.

July 72...We go big Now 8½ x 11 regular magazine size. Had to change printers though. Circulation approaching 1,000. We try typesetting (got a great deal, one time only though) and, of course, we like it. Can't afford to do it at regular rates though. We now have one employee, Jeanne. We dream of someday providing jobs for women. The Woman's Service Center closes.

September 1972: The radical Lesbian feminist group forms in Santa Ana (Times have changed in some ways.) Freda Smith writes on the ERA demonstration in Sacramento. The Tide Collective now grown to 17. We can hardly fit in Jeanne's house, now also the Tide office. Twenty five gay men are busted in L.A.'s Black Pipe Bar. The L.A. area Lesbians get together to plan for participation in the NCGO (National Coalition of Gay Organizations. Cam Mitchell, as an out front lesbian, wins custody of her child. It's a victory for all Lesbian mothers. Hey, the poetry is really getting better. Evan's poem "Superdykes" is a fine piece. The Lesbian Coalition of Southern California folds.

October 1972: Color on the cover. Circulation: 1,000 Now have 40 distribution points in addition to subscriptions. Time to drop the "Where to get the Tide" Now takes to much space to print it.

November 1972: Gloria Steinem on the cover and in interview. The collective reorganizes into departments. The whole thing has now become so complicated that we're forced into structure. There's Finance, Production, Circulation, Advertising. We develop our own ad to send to other publications.

December 1972: 36 pages! Sacramento's Gay women's theatre group on the cover. Community relations department added. Tide staff now 20. The feature story: "Is N.O.W. Homophobic" by Julie Lee. A lesbian beaten by the police in L.A. An analyses of the election results. Gays picket Catholic church in Sacramento. That was during the Southwest Conference of NCGO...where the lesbians really got their shit together. "Lesbian Issues Strong At Sacramento Conference". It was decided to have a National Lesbian Conference in L.A. in the spring of '73. D.O.B. in San Francisco is split over the trans-sexual issue. We begin "Crosscurrents". It will now be a regular feature.

January 1973: "Inside Terminal Island" (We really had to take risks to get that article!)..."China" by Fran Winant, one of the finest poems we had ever read-anywhere. Maggi does a fantastic graphic for it. Rita starts her "Rita Right on (whatever)", this

Continued on page 20

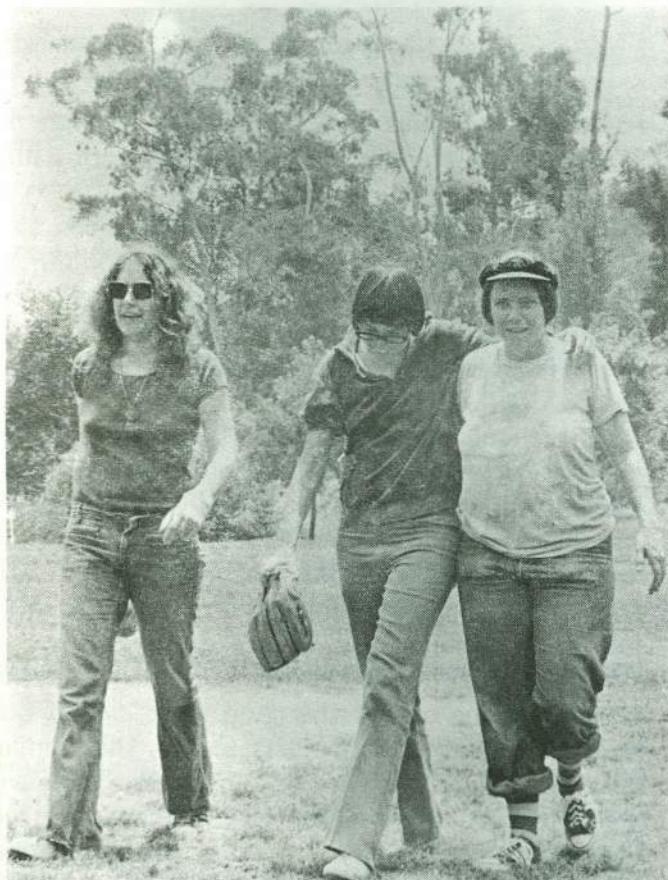
Picnic As A Social

by Pat Greene

What do you get when you mix sunshine, watermelon, hot dogs, softball, beer, then cover it with joyful music and loud voices singing their own words? A WOMEN'S PICNIC.

We got together outside on July 14 to be with....play with....talk with each other, to sell our tickets and publications, to forget words of songs.

We played in the sunshine, bathed in watermelon juice and mustard, drank beer, and got hit by softballs throughout the day and into early evening when the last of the sunburned, tired, and always beautiful women left Elysian Park. ▲



Lesbian's Wounded Knee

LESBIANISM

HAS SOMETHING
NOT FADED
FOR EVERY BODY !!!

Picnic As A Benefit

by Pat Greene

In the Los Angeles, Valley, Hollywood, Orange County, and beach area bars we leafleted. It was announced on the radio. Women's groups were contacted by phone. Leaflets were posted in all the women's facilities. Yet only 95 women supported the West Side Women's Center Benefit softball game in Elysian Park on July 14.

The same night over 200 women attended the all-women's dance. And there are possibly 400 women involved in the feminist movement in these areas. But maybe it was still a lack of communication....

....that if women do not support women's projects, programs, centers, they will cease to exist.

....that our apathy is more of a threat than any outside force. The question still unanswered with the asking long overdue, is WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR US? ▲

Cages

*A prisoner presses against her bars
At each passing jangle of keys
Though she never really expects
Her cell to be opened
And it's not.*

*A hungry child presses her nose
Against the sweet-filled bakery window
And tastes them only with tight-shut eyes...
They always seem locked
In plate-glass stores.*

*Our familiar bodies press together
As hunger forces our eyelids shut
The darkness always helps to hide
What we know to be true:
That you and I
Have never touched.*

Rita A. Goldberger

JILL JOHNSTON, Right On Feminist ?

Nancy Robinson

Is the goal of lesbian feminism for women to behave toward each other like most gay men do?--i.e. viewing each other as sex objects; how good looking they are, how "stacked", how "sexy"--etc.--Jill Johnston thinks so. In an interview in July's "Lesbian Tide" J.J. makes statements that make the hair on any Lesbian with a basic feminist consciousness curl in fury. She says that "if we objectify each other in our revolution, it is different from men objectifying us". Yes, I agree, it's different--it's worse! Because we are women, because we purport to be feminists and because feminism is humanism, viewing other human beings, (female) as a piece of meat is anti all feminist ideals. In all love-sex relationships there is both pleasure and pain. I view the casual sexual encounter that Jill advocates as the most painfully dehumanized human contact in our painfully dehumanized world. I also think that the ultimate result is a total aloneness which in the fifties was recognized as part of the philosophy of existentialism. We have to up-date our life-styles to accord with our philosophies. I'm sure many lesbians see J.J.'s position as "avant-garde", but it is really old-guard, actually old-garde, male. I've been gay a long time--I saw the gay men's world almost 20 years ago, it's the same now, only they wear hipper clothes and more hair and I don't think it's a life.style to emulate. It seemed to me then, as now, an excruciatingly lonely, superficial existence; lining up along the bar in a any big city, USA, to be cruised for your physical properties, to be chosen or to choose when 2 o'clock comes and the bars close, to be stoned as hell so that when you do have sex you really don't enjoy it and to wake up in the morning forgetting who you fucked last night. Wow!--if this is happiness, it's not mine.

Because someone writes a book, says she's a feminist, it certainly doesn't mean she's a philosopher. I think it's time we examine who's talking, what the hell they're talking about. It seems to be a common human failing that we look ab out for someone to tell us what to do, what to think, how to feel, etc. It's an abdication of responsibility. The responsibility to think for ourselves, to analyze our experiences and to some, even tentative, decisions that we can live by.

Feminism is the thing to be or at least to give lipservice to these days, yes it's really fashionable to

be a lesbian feminist. Quite often these fledgling feminists know absolutely nothing about feminism and arrogantly as is the way with some people, don't want to find out. They skip the starting phase; reading about it, being part of a consciousness-raising group, opening themselves to the knowledge that has been gained by a lot of women from a lot of pain and a lot of thought. If you're going to call yourself a feminist, J.J. or anybody else of like-mind, you'd better find out what the Hell it is. ▲

L.A. BREAKDOWN

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

By Cindy Gipple, Sue Isaacs, and Susan Williams
For Seattle Radical Women

Lesbians came from across the country to the L.A. conference, looking for answers to the pain and degradation we have all suffered at the hands of our oppressors. We were far past enduring the brutality we face every day of our lives as women and as lovers of women. We were angry and ready to fight back, and the question that occupied most of our attention during the weekend was: "Who are the real oppressors and how do we fight them?" Most of us were through playing in this or that movement and were ready to get down to business.

Many thought that our experiences as lesbians and our love for women would be sufficient to bring us together. This proved to be only a wishful thought. If only it was that easy! Once we get together as lesbians, the same contradictions we meet in the greater society--racism, the exploitation of working people, and yes, even among us liberated lesbians, sexual oppression--exploded through any myths that a liberation borne out of the good vibes among women was a real possibility. Needless to say, the conference was certainly not overflowing with good vibes among sisters. In fact, every time some one made a speech about the need for unity and sisters getting together, it was answered with anger--"Unity on whose terms?"

Gone are the days of women trying to love each other to liberation. Most of us have suffered in one way or another under the good intentions of women playing

Continued on page 21

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PLAYBOY : NO INTERVIEW

TO SPEAK OR NOT TO SPEAK?

...that is not the question

by Jeanne Córdova

The whole thing started on April 13, the Friday night of the West Coast Lesbian Conference. Someone handed me a small scrap of paper that read, "Troy Perry wants you to call him, immediately."

Five days later I remembered the scrap of paper and gave him a call. He told me that Playboy magazine was doing an interview panel on "new lifestyles or something like that" and wanted me on it. I took the number and sat around thinking. PLAYBOY?! hmm...well-known popular sexist rag...I remembered two years earlier, doing an interview with an L.A. Times reporter, thinking that he would somehow be "with it" because my sister was dating him. I remembered my rage when I saw the actual story. Still, Playboy had a reputation for good journalism and honest interviews -- at least I had heard that. I decided to call.

Richard Lewis at Playboy told me that there was going to be a cross-country panel discussing alternate lifestyles in American culture. I asked who else was going to be on the panel. "Besides Troy, there will be several psychologists, sociologists, and people like yourself who are involved in alternative lifestyles," he replied.

I had conflicting thoughts. I knew that Playboy probably had more women and lesbian readers than all the feminist and lesbian press put together and doubled, MS. included. That's a lot of sisters to reach who might never be in a position to wander into a women's center, much less find one of our comparatively underground newspapers or magazines. I was excited.

If Playboy really was prepared to print the true beauty and power of the lesbian experience and lifestyle, I wanted those women to have the opportunity to read it. I call myself a "dyke separatist" because I believe that the lesbian feminist culture and power as a political force is revolutionary. However, I sometimes fear the introversion of "separatist withdrawal" because for every lesbian who knows how to spell feminist, there are 3,000 who have no concept of their power as part of the women's movement, much less the lesbian movement. It is going to take more than 6,000 dykes to build Lesbian Nation.

On the other hand, I was hip to the way straight

media distort what is told to them in trust, hope, naivete, or honesty. On top of the fact that this was the straight male press, it was Playboy--and that's a rotten hard combination to beat. I told Mr. Lewis that I didn't think I'd be interested because I didn't trust him or his magazine. He replied that he wouldn't print a word unless I saw the final draft and approved it. I told him I would like that in writing.

About a week later he arrived, and after one more clarification of my rights to approve the final draft, we started talking. First he commented on some of the reading he had been doing: The Advocate, The Free Press, The Lesbian Tide, Sister. He asked a few questions on the recent West Coast Lesbian Conference and made some patronizing remarks about how large and controversial it was. He was trying to assure me he had done his journalistic homework. I told him that I was not authorized to speak about the conference, hadn't quite sorted it out in my mind, and didn't want to say anything about it except that yes it had occurred, yes there were 1,500 of us, yes it was a big event. We talked a great deal about my feelings about the straight male distortion of lesbianism as a sexual nymphomania. I told him what I knew about women loving women (emotionally, in a life-sharing context) and about what that had come to mean in my life on a personal and political level. He never asked anything approaching the old "How do two women do it?" I rather suspect he knew that would bring the interview to an abrupt end. We talked some about non-monogamy. He asked if this concept was what the straight counter-culture often referred to as "open marriage." (That's when two heterosexuals marry with the understanding that they can screw

Continued on page 25

G.C.S.C.

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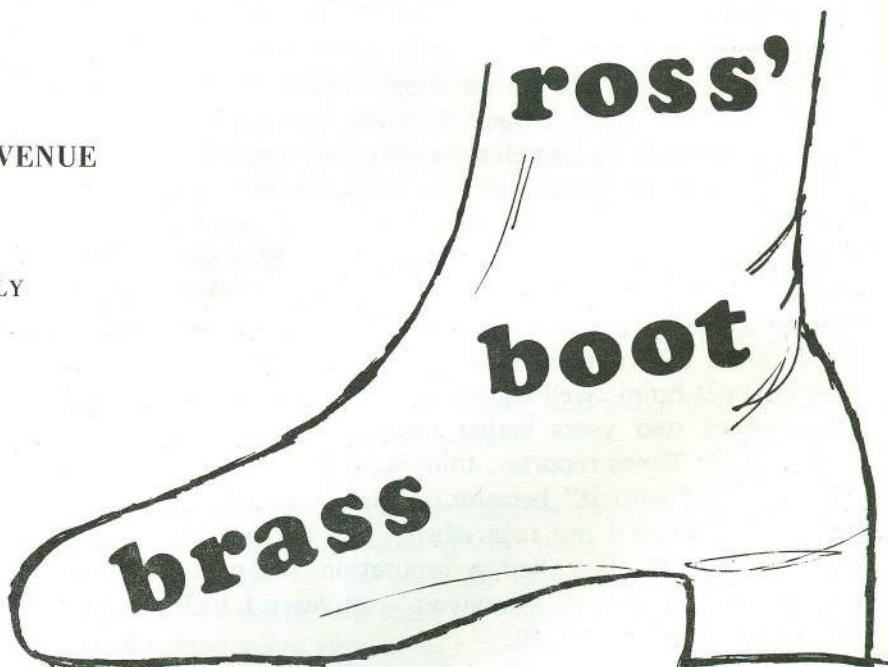


LA'S NEW WOMAN'S BAR

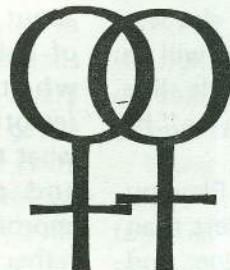
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Portuguese Oppression

FEMINISTS MARCH FOR SISTERS IN PORTUGAL

Sixty marchers, a coalition of members of the Los Angeles and San Fernando Valley chapters of NOW, the West Side Women's Center and the Feminist Women's Health Center, participated July 3 in what was probably the first international feminist protest action.

At the same time as their demonstration against the Portuguese consulate in the Bank of America building in Century City, Los Angeles, similar action was carried out in France, Italy, England, Belgium, Finland, and in the U.S. in New York, Washington, Boston, and Houston.

The demonstrations were held to denounce Portugal's arrest of three feminist authors who wrote *The New Portuguese Letters*, a collection of short stories, essays, and poems critical of the oppression of women in their country. The writers, Maria Isabel Barreno, Maria Teresa Horta, and Maria Velho DaCosta, were charged in June 1972 with having committed "an outrage to public morals and good customs." They are free on \$600 bail each and face up to six years' imprisonment.

Their trial, which was to have been July 3, has been postponed until October. More demonstrations are planned then by the New Portuguese Letters Association, a group that grew out of the First International Feminist Planning Conference held June 1 in Cambridge, Mass.

"The themes of the book," according to the association, "include the loneliness and isolation of women, the exploitation of their sexuality, and the denial of their own fulfillment. It talks of their suffering caused by rape, by imprisonment, and by sadistic, illegal abortions."

The book also "speaks of women's political and economic condition, of religion and the cloister, of adultery and madness and suicide." (The original classic *Portuguese Letters* were written 200 years ago by a nun who left the convent to join her lover and was finally committed to a mental institution.) Copies of the new book are not available yet in this country, but Arlie Scott, U.S. association coordinator, said Doubleday plans publication in the fall.

Some joined the protest because they believe the suppression of the Portuguese feminist writers could happen here under the Supreme Court ruling last month that permits material to be judged obscene

DEATH CLAIMS 29

NEW ORLEANS TRAGEDY

By Barbara McLean

Gay Pride Week 1973 ended in a New Orleans tragedy when a fire swept the Upstairs Bar in the French Quarter of the city. The Upstairs was a gay bar particularly popular with members of New Orleans' Metropolitan Community Church (M.C.C.)

In a short inferno of 16 minutes the fire, one of the worst in the city's history, took the lives of 29 members of the gay community. Among the dead were one woman and the pastor of M.C.C. New Orleans, Rev. Bill Larson.

The New Orleans police are holding a suspect who is said to have poured gasoline over the stairs leading up to the bar. When the bottom door was opened the gasoline fumes were drawn into the air conditioning system and ignited. A few customers managed to escape by jumping out of the second story window but as of this writing one of the injured has died and eleven others lie in critical condition in the New Orleans Charity Hospital.

Blood is desperately needed for the injured. The Los Angeles Gay Community Services Center (G.C.S.C.) has made arrangements with the Red Cross to channel blood donations directly to the fire victims. All persons are urged to donate blood via their local Red Cross Center. Please indicate that the blood is to go to the victims of the New Orleans Bar Fire as arranged by L.A.'s G.C.S.C.

Financial assistance is also badly needed for the families and friends of the dead and injured. *The Advocate* newspaper has agreed to be the receiver of contributions to the "National New Orleans Memorial Fund". Make your check payable to the "National New Orleans Memorial Fund" and forward it to *The Advocate*, P.O. Box 74695, L.A. 90004. ▲

according to local standards.

Judith Meuli said, "That could mean that the courts, which by the way are usually all male, could decide feminist literature is pornographic. We won't be able to publish any of our works."

The West Side Women's Center has already felt the effect. Seventeen printers have refused to reproduce their newspaper, Sister, because they believe it to be pornographic. It contains a set of photographs on vaginal self-examination. (*Excerpted from the L.A. Times, July 5, 1973*) ▲

The Decline and Fall of an Idealist

OR Why Ain't I Marching Anymore

By Karla Jay, New York Correspondent

The night before the fourth annual Gay Pride March, I decided that I could not march in the parade. I had marched in all the previous parades, so for you to understand my decision, I should first recount my reasons for marching in the first three parades.

I remember distinctly my first Gay Pride March when I was living in Los Angeles. I seem to be one of only nine or ten women at most who had the courage to march, despite the fact that my friend Del and I leafleted all the lesbian bars. At that time, the points of the parade seemed obvious: Gay Liberation was new, and we had to spread the word to those women and men on the sidelines and through the media that a gay movement indeed existed, that it was safe to come out of the closet, that there we were, proud and unafraid, and no one was shooting at us. We hoped people would pour out of their closets everywhere and join us. Of course, it still wasn't quite safe to come out, and the parade was also an act of defiance against our oppressors whose presence was personified by the pigs who openly drove up and down in patrol cars madly snapping everyone's picture. The hostility of straight society was also present in those heteros or perhaps closet cases who booed and mocked at us.

Even then, several things in the parade annoyed me. I was particularly annoyed at the floats because I felt very strongly that Stonewall, the event we were commemorating after all, was born in blood and revolution, and here we were pretending life was a bowl of roses and thinking that we could blind others and perhaps ourselves to some of the miseries of gay oppression with our glittering and dazzling floats and our golden bathing boys. It also seemed ironic to me that some of the very bars which had tossed me out for leafleting were out there marching. However, I was hesitant about criticizing the culture of a city in which I was new (I thought: This is Gay Liberation Hollywood style), and the cry of COME OUT! drowned all my doubts.

The second year I arrived in Los Angeles shortly before the parade. Lesbians, through the Women's Liberation Movement, had finally organized there, and many women were objecting to marching with men because of their feminist orientation. I felt that they were overlooking the mutual core of our oppression with gay men: After all, the laws apply to us too: that is, the instruments of oppression (sodomy laws, for example) are there, and the fact that women were not then being entrapped or jailed for sodomy did not mean that we couldn't be oppressed by the laws, and in fact, might be considerably, if we became vocal and visible and thus a threat (and I was sadly proven correct shortly thereafter when a lesbian was killed by the pigs in a gay bar in the valley).

By the time of the third parade, I was living in New York.

Since I had never marched in this birthplace of Stonewall Nation, I wanted to march partly from curiosity and partly from the feeling of sisterhood I got from marching and being with my sisters, not to mention the fact that I believed sincerely in a national holiday celebrating Gay Pride and commemorating the Stonewall.

The effeminists picketed the parade. I agreed with all their objections to the march: yes, gay liberationists were essentially male chauvinists, and the parade was 90% male, some of whom were offensive to women and effeminists in their super-male-role attire (head-to-toe leather or John Wayne-style cowboys) and by those who mocked women by transvestism (although I felt and still feel that people should have the right to wear what they want, that transvestites were the martyrs at the Stonewall, and that they might help those women who are trying to break down sex-typing attached to clothing).

It seemed to me that the parade had degenerated into a strictly social event, but I had no perspective of New York parades. In Los Angeles, after the first parade we had fasted

Continued on page 23

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WAY OFF-BROADWAY PRODUCTION



"I'm going back to the gay bars."

by Nancy

The Heart of the Matter, a play written and directed by Evan Paxton, is a brilliant and humorous adaptation of West Side Story. An updating on the struggles between two rival gangs, it transforms the characters from juvenile delinquents to The Dykes and The Straight Women, and changes the "turf" from the streets of New York to our very own West Side Women's Center. The conflict between the rival groups revolves around whether or not men should be permitted at a Women's Center dance in celebration of Gertrude Stein's birthday. Such is the context for an all-female production that pokes fun at the images and categorizations which divide us, at the same time communicating our unity and joy in being women.

I attended a rehearsal at the Venice Pavilion two weeks before the July 21 performance. When I entered the theatre, a group of about 15 women were standing and sitting in various positions at the base of the semi-circular stage. One woman was swinging across the stage on a 40-foot rope that hung from the rafters. Several children were running and climbing in the back sections of the auditorium. The crowning effect was achieved by music from West Side Story ("Maria" and "America") that was being blasted from a Sony cassette lying on the stage. Right away I knew I had found the right place.

Rehearsal started with the "Dyke Song" which is clearly an improved rendition of the "Jet Song":

When you're a dyke
You're a dyke all the way
From the time you come out
To your last dying day.

When you're a dyke
Let 'em do what they can
You got sisters around
You're a family woman....

When you're a dyke
You're the toughest in town
You're an independent woman
No one pushes you around.

When you're a dyke
All the hets call you queer
But you stand up with pride
In a world full of fear.
The dykes are in gear
Expanding all our vistas
Straight women stay clear
Cause we don't need sisters
Who come with misters.

Music was coordinated by Maureen Hicks, with the choreography done by Susan Gluck. The humor between lines was one sign of the feelings of sisterhood that were evident throughout the

rehearsal. At one point, after a very flat note, it was obvious that there were going to be some problems getting the vocalists and the piano accompanist coordinated:

Vocalist 1: "I can't sing to the key of music you play."

Accompanist: "I can't play to the key of music you sing."

Vocalist 2: "Well, I can sing any song ever written in the note of C."

Vocalist 3: "I change key with every stanza."

Accompanist: "Well, so do I, and there's no telling when."



*"Life can be great at the Women's Center,
If you are straight at the Women's Center."*

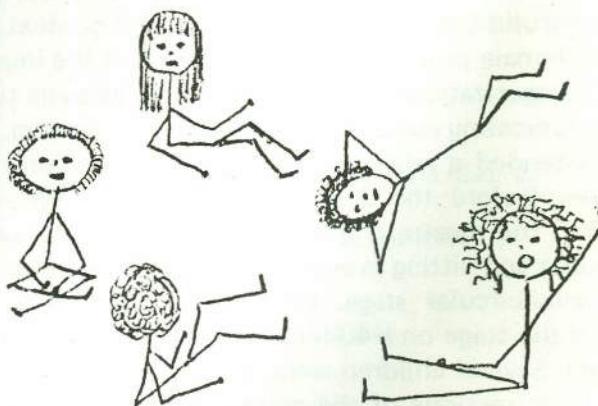
Another sign of sisterhood in operation was the participation of the cast in generating ideas and decisions that more traditionally are seen as belonging in the domain of the director. Sisters freely expressed their opinions on all aspects of the play; staging, music, content, etc.

The last act is one of my favorites. In this scene, all of the women run onto the stage after Tony Tough (a dyke) and Maria Ms. (a recent ex-straight woman) have just finished protecting the Women's Center from two cops with search warrants. As the scene quiets down, the battle lines are broken as the Straight Women gather around Tony who has saved the speculums, and the Dykes gather around Maria who has saved the Karate equipment. The choruses of "Oh Tony, oh Tony, you saved the speculums" by the Straight Women, and "Oh Maria, oh Maria, you saved the Karate equipment" by the Dykes, was painfully hilarious.

During this scene Evan was reminding the cast of the importance of staying in character despite technical fuck-ups. A few minutes later, several

neighborhood boys who had been running in and out of the theater all afternoon, opened one of the entrance doors and started screaming in an attempt to disrupt the rehearsal. One of the women went to the hallway to chase them out and just missed getting hit by a glass bottle that shattered over the entrance hallway.. Immediately, several of "The Dykes" and "The Straight Women" lit after the boys. Several minutes later the women straggled in. One woman had caught a boy hiding in a urinal. A "Dyke," on and off stage, she said that she had shaken him up and down, and in a gruff voice she assured us all that "they won't be back." Evan's point of staying in character had clearly made a deep impression on the cast. This was also true for women less comfortable in their casted roles. One lesbian, who played a straight woman in the play, showed up for rehearsal wearing a long sleeveless cutout dress. This woman was clearly unaccustomed to such attire and walked on stage with arms across breasts and hands covering shoulders, in what was clearly an unknowing attempt to cover up exposed parts. For one scene, where The Dykes were on one side of the stage and The Straight Women were on the other, Evan instructed this woman to stand on the opposite side of the stage from her "gang." The woman slowly turned to face Evan, and with an expression of quizzical surprise tinged with faint disgust, said "Me, with the Dykes!"

Getting the production going was not without hassles. Rarely did all the women show up for rehearsal, and as the opening night approached all of the women were cracking jokes like "It doesn't look



I apologize sisters, and I don't want to put anyone down, or pull a power trip, but I seem to have an idea.

Furies Folds

Jeanne Cordova

Washington D.C.

After one and a half years as a national lesbian feminist publication *The Furies* published and announced its final issue last month. In their May/June 1973 issue the *Furies* Staff writes: "The present *Furies* staff has consisted of five people for seven months now. Since the last issue, one person from the staff has quit and two of us are moving to another city. These changes have occurred mainly because of changing priorities. The paper cannot continue with only two members, therefore we have decided to make this our last issue."

The Furies has been particularly known for its exploratory, analytical, and theoretical articles dealing with issues such as race, class, separatism, lesbian feminist ideology, feminist culture, monogamy, etc. Writers Ginny Berson, Charlotte Bunch, Rita Mae Brown, Lee Schwing, Debbie George, Helaine Harris, and other contributors and members of the Washington-based newspaper have contributed much to a growing lesbian feminist movement and politic. When contacted by *The Lesbian Tide*, Lee Schwing expanded on her and Helaine Harris' reasons for leaving *The Furies* and Washington D.C. Speaking from their new home in Kansas City Lee said, People's priorities, especially mine and Helaine's, have been shifting. Lately we have been thinking more about building institutions and survival, trying to combine, on a more practical

level, politics and surviving." Asked about their future plans Ms. Schwing continued, "We have been thinking about putting together a record company, putting out women's records & making our creativity available. When I was offered a job in Kansas City as a buyer for a craft shop I thought this might be an opportunity to learn some new skills in the direction I wanted to go. Personally, I was feeling a little stagnated...ideology in a vacuum...going to study groups, consciousness raising...there is a limit to how far you can go in that context. We have been thinking that we'd like to deal with issues, like class, in a business, more realistic setting. Helaine and I felt that this would be more stimulating for us at this point."

As to their feelings about the cessation of *The Furies*, both Lee and Charlotte Bunch(also contacted by the *Lesbian Tide* in Washington) said, "We're sorry to see it go." Ms. Bunch explained, "there just aren't enough women here who want to continue and take full responsibilities." "We're sorry that there weren't others", Ms. Schwing continued, "because we felt the newspaper was a valuable addition. There is a great deal more to be said and developed in terms of lesbian feminist ideology."

The *Furies* Collective began in May 1971 and started publishing *The Furies* in January 1972. At the time of its folding the newspaper was financially self supporting and had a national circulation of almost 2,000.

The *Tide* Collective extends its deepest appreciation to all the women who produced and kept alive a fine publication for so long. ▲

WAY OFF BROADWAY Cont.

like we're going to get this dance scene together....We don't have to worry about the dancing--we don't even have a cast." Despite the problems, the general atmosphere at rehearsal was warm and spontaneous and the cast really seemed to enjoy working and playing together. In my mind there was little doubt that the fun involved in putting together this production would be spread to a larger segment of the women's community in the actual performance.

(Because of printing deadlines this article was written before the July 21st production of *The Heart of the Matter*.)

The Cast:

THE DYKES

Tony Tough:
Scarface:

Ellen Broidy
Patti Hoffman

Nails:	Johanna Gullick
The Snake:	Maureen Hicks
Montana:	Joan Robins
Jigsaw:	Donna Lopez

THE STRAIGHT WOMEN

Maria Ms.:	Susan Gluck
Patsy Personhood:	Jan Oxenberg
Babs Againstbigotry:	Judy Tamarin
Willicia Oneworld:	Bea Free
Lydia-Lou Liberated:	Cheryl Deihm

THE UNTOUCHABLES

First Dude:	Donna Chassid
Second Dude:	Evan Paxton
Accompaniment:	Lee Cole ▲

Lesbian Oppression Is...

Being a gay woman in this time and place is very confusing, and don't let anybody tell you different. First of all, there's your mother telling you that good old Sally down the street just got married and her husband is so good looking, and your younger sister is almost engaged to Fred, and what about you dear, well I suppose you're just particular, you'll find the right man yet. And she talks about her future grandchildren, and assumes that you are just going to follow right along. You have visions of saying, "Well, mum, I think you'd better give the bassinette and the silver christening cup to Sally, and the monogrammed linen to my sister, because I'm never getting married, I'm in love with my roommate and we love each other very much and we're going to live together for the rest of our lives." But then you imagine her face after you've said that, so you go along nodding and letting her believe that the right man will come along.

Suppose you live in a dormitory, with hundreds of other girls who are talking incessantly about John and Richard and Charlie, and getting pinned and lavaliered and engaged, and who they went out with Saturday night, which movie they went to see, and whether they went to his apartment afterwards. Unless you pretend to be very unfriendly they ask you about all those things, and what can you say about going to the movies with your girl-friends, what can you say when they nicely try to fix you up with their handsome brother in town for the weekend? So you go out with their brother and try to figure out how to avoid kissing him goodnight without being unfriendly, or else you make up all this school work you have to do.

Every once in a while somebody will say something about the two girls down the hall, and your stomach drops down to your feet, but you can't let your facial expression change the slightest bit, you just pretend to be naive, or not very interested. Sometimes you have a good friend but she has a boyfriend, so on Saturday night, she goes off with him, and when they've had a fight you have to listen to how it was and how upset she is, when you want to say, well break up with him, and come away with me. But that's impossible to say. Sometimes you put your arm around her and she looks at you as if to tell you to stop being sick. So you start talking about her boyfriend again.

You go to classes and try to keep from looking at the beautiful girl who sits across from you. You flirt with the professor because he expects it. You look in

the index of your sociology book under homosexuality and find a lot about male homosexuality and hardly anything about lesbians, maybe a paragraph that says that lesbians haven't been studied very much. Big help. When Gay Liberation comes to talk to the class, your stomach drops down to your feet again, you sit and take very objective looking notes, staring at your notebook and wondering if anybody's being fooled. Afterwards people make comments about how they knew one gay guy in high school who was really sick, or how they think that homosexuality should be legalized, but they wouldn't want their children to know any homosexuals. Or they think that homosexual marriages are okay, but they can't stand those blatant fags and dykes. I mean that's really sick and you can't deny that. (And Norman Mailer is healthy.)

Or maybe you have a job typing or waiting tables. With a boss who comes and looks over your shoulder, maybe he doesn't even pinch your ass, but one of the ways he keeps from being bored is to flirt with you, ask you if you have a boyfriend, buy you coffee, wink at you every once in a while. And naturally he expects you to play right along. You're sitting there at the typewriter, trying to smile, trying to answer noncommittally, when what you want to do is to stare him down and announce "Mr. Smith, I am not available. I am not a member of that group of females that you feel you can play games with. Get fucked." However, if he didn't fire you immediately he could make your life hell, by threatening to fire you, by waiting for the morning when you have just had a fight with your lover, and yelling about how you're the worst typist he's ever hired, and ugly to boot. He

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the first Tuesday of each month

moderator: Barbara McLean
co-producers:

Pat Greene, Barbara McLean

can invite you to his apartment, leering and with a look that says, "I know you hate men, but you can't complain about me to anyone, can you? At least I'm *normal*." So you pretend to be dumb, or *very* much in love, or busy. Not letting any crack show in the veneer.

Then in the evenings you're afraid that someone will see you with your butchy friends and guess. You kind of wish they would, but you hope they don't. And it's so nice to be around other gay women that you go drinking a lot, and dancing, and partying, trying to forget about going back to work. Which means that your life is divided neatly into two parts, neither of which acknowledges the other. Some days you feel like you might go into work and flirt with the other secretary by mistake, before you realized where you were. When you have hangovers you wish you could settle down and live an integrated life. But all the time you have to hitch up your skirt or pants (depending on whether it's daytime or nighttime) and go off to get through with it.

If you work in a factory maybe there are other lesbians around. Wow! Other lesbians! But there's also a lot of straight women around, sitting next to you, talking about their husbands and boyfriends. Every time a gay woman walks by your head doesn't move but your eyes follow her down the aisle. When the woman next to you asks "Is that a man or a woman?" you answer "Woman" and drop the subject. You can sit and do your job and not talk to anybody about anything personal. You can lie



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through your teeth, hoping you can remember to be consistent. Or when anyone looks at you like they think you're weird, you can look back like "Sure I'm weird, you wannta make something of it" and to on talking about the weather. You'll be accepted as a weird person. One thing you cannot do is forget that you are a strong worthwhile person. Nobody's going to give you any support for being gay. They can dig it if it looks like you're enjoying yourself, but how can you expect them to encourage you when it gets hard?

That's it-we have to be invulnerable. In the dorm, in the classroom, at work, at gay parties. It's not like being gay is recognized as a worthy path, and we should be supported on it. We have to be schizophrenic, we have to be master actors, we have to be stage directors and the person who pulls the curtain when we make a dramatic (albeit necessary) exit. We have to give ourselves our own support. Pull ourselves up by our own bootstraps. Most of the time it seems like it's worth it.

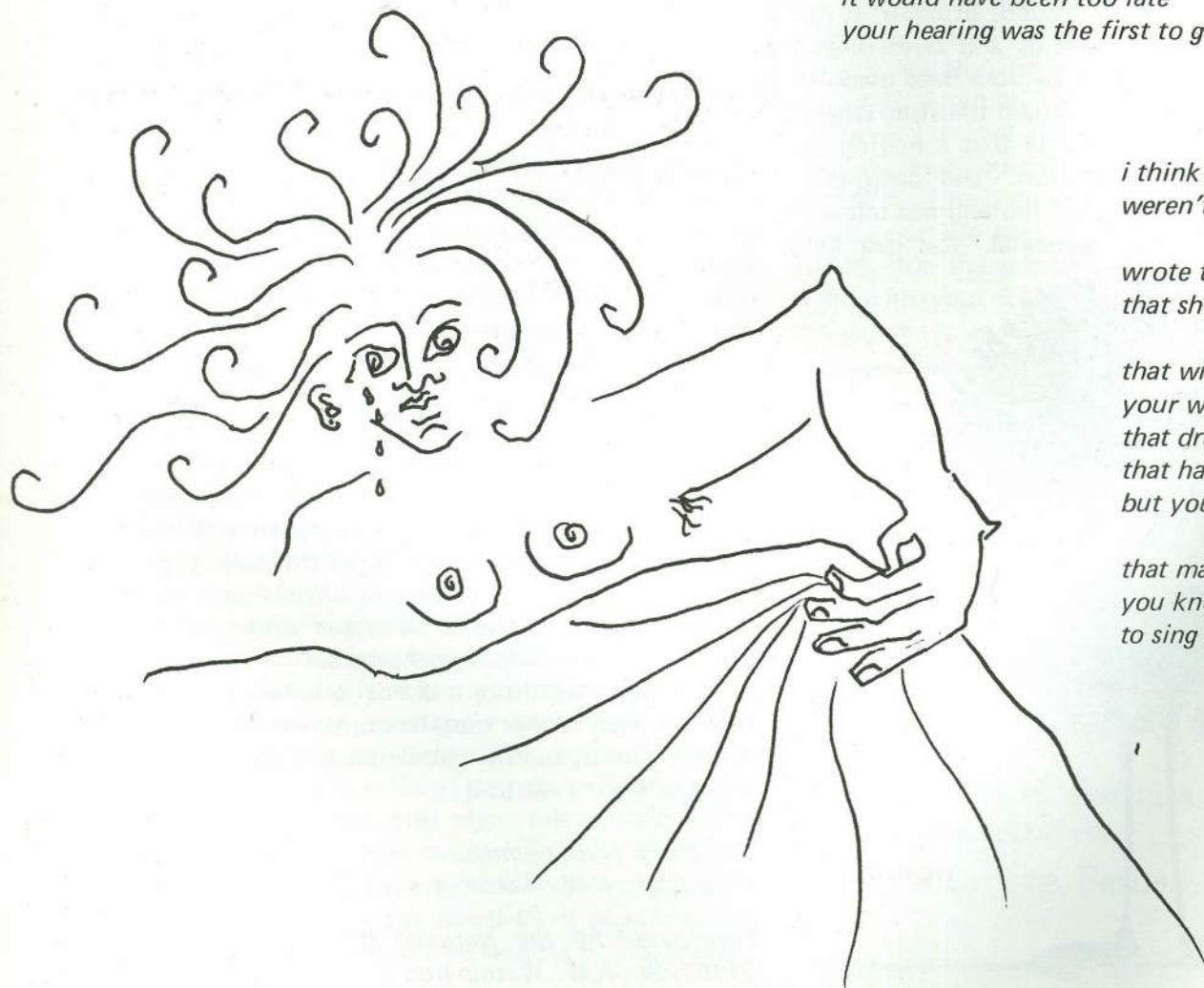
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Ode To A Burnt Out Star

(in the year of the Goddess, 2573 A.G.)

woman,
sister,
are the white stained antiseptic walls
a comfort now?
or do they remind you
like waves and knives
of what you were
and what you gave
and the crushing empty pain
of losing yourself
which came and went
when no one spoke at all
it would have been too late
your hearing was the first to go.



i think i heard about you brave, foo
weren't you the one who

wrote that book
that showed us all where to begin?

that wrote that song
your warden nurse hums softly to h
that drew us all together to build th
that has rooms for hundreds
but you live in another house alto

that made that speech about how
you know, the one that made us an
to sing it to ourselves and our gove

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your hearing was the first to go.

i think i heard about you brave, foolish woman-
weren't you the one who

wrote that book
that showed us all where to begin?

that wrote that song
your warden nurse hums softly to herself outside your door?
that drew us all together to build that Center
that has rooms for hundreds
but you live in another house altogether?

that made that speech about how you believed
you know, the one that made us all strong enough
to sing it to ourselves and our government?



brave, foolish woman
i remember the book, the song, the Center, the speech
and I will come and listen while you hide and fight and rest
within the white stainless walls.
i will come and listen and wait and hope
for all the strength it took to
write that book
sing that song
and build that Center,
make that speech-
they're all alive and well you know-
in the souls and beauty of the women you gave them to.

i always knew you were brave
i always knew you were foolish
how did i miss so much that you were also
WOMAN.
did you forget that we who are
capable of giving life
also,
sometimes die from it.

i will wait by your side,
as i never waited by my lover's,
i am waiting for you to get up
brave, foolish
woman.

On Racism & Anger

Sisters:

Many sisters who attended the Lesbian Conference of April 13-15, 1973, were discouraged by the polarization and angry dialog, particularly that stemming from the issue of racism in our movement. Sisters! We should be encouraged not discouraged that the anger is out in the open and that at our herstoric conference we began to discuss it and began to attempt to deal with it.

Sisters! Do you realize that such discussion/confontation *never* occurs in the male left groups?? I've spend alot of time relating to male-dominated leftist groups because of my concern for Indochinese women and women in prison. In the male peace movement as in the prison movement, if the question of internal racism comes up (which it rarely does), the men sit smugly saying, "Oh, we're not racists; we're not sexists."

At least, let us rejoice that on Friday, the 13th of April, 1973, there were 13 hundred or more Sisters who openly admitted: Yes, we do have hang-ups, let us rejoice that it got us uptight. Let us rejoice that we began to voice our anger and frustration. Let us rejoice that meaningful dialog has begun (as filled with negative emotionalism as it seemed). Let us rejoice and take pride that for the first time a major movement meeting demanded that all future meetings be planned so that there will be speakers representing all segments of the Lesbian community; so that there will be more and better-planned workshops on racism and on classism; and so that better, loving day-care is planned for our children.

Anger's first buds may appear as negative emotionalism. But anger can grow and blossom into a beautiful multi-colored flower with seeds of revolution. Be not afraid nor disheartened, my Sisters, by our anger. It is our energy, our fire, a healthy emotional response to the Man and to the Man's doctrines, which value property more than people, when they manifest themselves in ourselves, due to the brainwashing none of us escaped but all of us can fight. Struggling to deal with our differences will create a greater unity and teach us how to direct our anger at the real enemy—the racist patriarchy.

SISTERHOOD IS POWERFUL

Stacey Fulton

June 25, 1973 ▲

Definitions And Redefinings

RHETORIC : what one says well, but does poorly.

Ph. D. : short for "pretty heavy dyke."

a POLITICAL LESBIAN one who practices forced celibacy seven nights a week at those 7:00 pm to midnight meetings.

a REAL LESBIAN : one who has what used to be referred to as a "home/personal" life. *

*However, all is not impossible... one can be a "political lesbian" AND a "real lesbian" if one does not mind being an "exhausted lesbian."

a FUZZY : originating in a small, isolated, but highly energized women's group in San Luis Obispo, Ca., this term describes a straight feminist and that particular phase of her life during which she is "getting-in-touch-with-NEW-feelings," thinking about "the lesbian experience"wondering if . . .and ...when....and ...who...whether or not....

NON-MONOGAMY : alternately referred to as polygamy, cheatin', or merely 'fuckin' around' in years gone by, non-monogamy means trying to simultaneously establish more than one 'deep meaningful relationship' without degenerationg into polygamy, cheatin' or 'fuckin' around'.

NOTE :

As a new regular or irregular (depending) community service feature we invite you to send or carry in your DEFINITIONS or REDEFINITIONS. Just so we can keep things straight. Words can be misleading unless we take the initiative. Please send to D & R, % Tide Collective. ▲

CROSSCURRENTS

SAN FRANCISCO

LAVENDER PANTHERS ORGANIZE

In response to the burning of a New Orleans gay bar (see article), San Francisco gays have formed a Lavender Panther Patrol. The Panthers are now teaching self-defense classes and compiling a list of businesses that are making efforts to ensure the safety of gay customers.

More information is available at the Helping Hands Gay Community Center, (415) 771-3366.

PITTSBURGH

NEW FEMINIST JOURNAL PUBLISHED

Women Becoming has begun publication in Pittsburgh. The first issue contains four short stories, an analysis of the sexism in Mother Goose, articles on self defense and the organizational problems faced by the Pittsburgh Women's Center, autobiographical sketches, and work by eight poets and eight artists.

A single copy is available for \$1.25 from *Woman Becoming*, 6664 Woodwell St., Pittsburgh, Pa. 15217.

LOS ANGELES

ABORTION CLINIC OPENS

The Feminist Women's Health Center has opened the first women-controlled abortion clinic in the country, the Women's Choice Clinic at 1027 S. Crenshaw, Los Angeles.

At present the Women's Choice Clinic is offering health care for termination of pregnancies (under 10 weeks) and menstrual aspiration. For further information call (213) 937-7219.

BERKELEY

WOMEN'S HISTORY CENTER DENIED FUNDS

Richard Nixon's economic priorities have short-changed women once again, as federal funding cut-backs have wiped out the paid library staff of the Women's History Research Center. More than 20 research positions, collectively demanding 200 to 600 womanhours weekly, must now be filled on a volunteer basis due to the termination of a work-study arrangement with the University of California of California.

The center, unique as an archive of women's history and culture, has also been denied additional funding it has been seeking for two years. If you can be of aid to the center in any way, contact them at 2325 Oak St., Berkeley CA 94708.

PHILADELPHIA

NOW ELECTS LESBIAN AS PRESIDENT

Jan Welch, who recently ruffled some feathers in the Philadelphia Chapter of the National Organization of Women by acknowledging her lesbianism, was subsequently elected executive president of the chapter.

Ms. Welch won by a 72-10 vote over her only opponent, Elizabeth Feldman. Ms. Feldman denied that the lesbian issue had anything to do with her last-minute decision to run for the presidency.

MINNEAPOLIS

GAY PEOPLE AND MENTAL HEALTH

A group of gay counselors in Minneapolis have organized to train other counselors and to publish a monthly bulletin, *Gay People and Mental Health*. The bulletin includes information on gay and lesbian groups and services nationwide, and notices of gay people looking for jobs in the mental health field.

Subscriptions are available for \$6 from *Gay People and Mental Health*, Box 3592, Upper Nicollet Station, Minneapolis, Minn. 55403. ▲



SISTER TO SISTER

(Sister to Sister is a column the LESBIAN TIDE prints to help sisters make contact with other gay women. Due to the work, space, and handling involved, this column is run somewhat like a classified section. Each sister is welcome to submit up to four lines (25 to 30 words, no abbreviations). \$2.00 should accompany each request for printing. The Tide Collective retains editorial control over all submissions. No photos or physical description will be printed. A mailing address must be given, even if it is a P.O. box. No telephone numbers will be printed.)

Lonely Lesbian, 19, wants to meet lesbians in the San Bernardino area. Please send name, phone, or address to Jane Cooper, 1749 Garden Dr., San Bernardino, Ca. 92404

FROM US Cont. from page 4

month: Radical Rhetoric. Lindsay begins her "porno column", the satirical feature serial story. (We hope our readers realize it is a satire.) Carole Downer is acquitted in the "Great Yogurt Conspiracy" trial. The L.A. Women's Center announces that it will close. Ads have picked up. Now looks as though our little magazine may someday be self-supporting. We need more space though. We begin to look for office space we can afford. Besides, Jeanne's landlord is complaining about all that traffic. She just may be evicted. Members of the Tide staff are now also working hard on the West Coast Lesbian conference. Time for our first retreat: Big Bear. The L.A. Lesbian Feminists fold.

March 1973: The Dyke Patrol, the CCSLR (California Committee for Sexual Law Reform) convention. God! What a debacle *that* was! Rita does "Radical Parties". Womanspace opens in L.A. A convention is to be held in L.A. to form the "Los Angeles Women's Union". Everything in L.A. is at a fever's pitch as the Lesbian Conference draws close. That Conference has really made it hard to put out a magazine. Circulation now 1500. We plan to print 2,500 for May/June, the conference commemorative. Gay Sisterhood now going strong at UCLA. Orange County women's center opens at U.C. Irvine. We MOVE! New address: 373 N. Western. An office of our own. Jeanne is evicted.

April 1973: Rita Mae Brown. "An army of lovers shall not fail." THE LESBIAN CONFERENCE!!!! The Lesbian Conference...The lesbian Conference...the lesbian conference.....Newcomers from the West Side. Six new women, beautiful, wonderful women join the Tide staff, a real shot in the arm, desperately needed. The staff has all become so tired. The conference had taken its heavy toll...and continues to.

May/June 1973: The Conference Commemorative. Never had we worked so hard. So many things to pull together - stories, photos. We couldn't fit it all. Everyone on the staff is exhausted, working in 2 or 3 departments. "Dem Ol' Conference Crazies"..., "Lesbos Arise!"...The Living Contridiction"... "The Grapevine"...Child care, the dyke patrol, review of *Lesbian Nation* by Jill Johnston (a benefit featuring Jill Johnston)... "Diary of a Mad Organizer"..."Notes From an Organizer..II"...Robin Morgan's speech. So much. So much. Forty Four pages, mostly small type. We've gone to typesetting now, permanently! We know that this is the finest thing we've ever done. And in it is our own blood. We now begin to take seriously the business of a collective. We shall work

now on truly *becoming* a collective. We have rap sessions, group encounter sessions. It will be difficult but we believe we can do it. A 20-member working collective of lesbians. We will do a regular "From Us" column to open up the dialogue between us and our readers. We go on our second retreat-to a quiet place in the mountains. We grow closer, now needing so much the support of this group.

July/1973: We hire our second, part-time employee. She changes her mind. We hire someone else, Denise. And now Jeanne has resigned. We shall surely miss her contribution but wish her much luck. The advertising coordinator quits. It is so hard to keep advertising coordinators. Production and Editorial seem to be the only stable departments. We join with other L.A. women's publications to form the Associated Women's Press of Los Angeles.

And now it is August of '73. We are two years old. We have just heard that the *Furies* has folded. After two years and undoubtedly many of the same problems. We can really identify. We thank them for their tremendous contribution. So many women's publications have come and gone in the past 5 years...but they keep coming. The *Lesbian Tide* will keep coming. We *believe* that we will continue to grow, as individuals, as a collective, and as a fine magazine, with your support and your love.

For these past two years we thank, most particularly, our subscribers, all our readers, our advertisers, our distributors, our contributors, and the lesbian feminist and gay community. You have given us your support and your criticism. And we have needed both. We still have a great deal to learn. But we will, and we'll make it...because we have you...and we have each other. We celebrate this second year anniversary of ours together...with you.

The Tide Collective ▲



A black and white graphic advertisement for a restaurant. The background features a stylized city skyline silhouette. In the center is a large fork and knife crossed over each other, forming a circle. To the left of the fork and knife, the words "far out food" are written vertically. To the right, the words "EATIN' HIGH" are written vertically. Below "EATIN' HIGH" is the text "OPEN: 12 to 10pm" and the phone number "660-9877". At the bottom, the address "1946 ECHO PARK AVE." is listed next to a circular logo with a dot in the center.

L. A. BREAKDOWN Cont. from page 6

the man's game and we have become a wary lot. Too many times we have been used, screwed, and sold out by the larger movements of radicals and liberals. Now we are seeking more than just a friendly hand. We want to know what's behind that hand! As lesbians, we face the most intense forms of sexism and our lines are more clearly drawn. We know that there doesn't exist a man's shadow to hide behind. We know from the times we've been arrested and brutalized by the police what the true position of women is in the eyes of the state. Most importantly, we know what it is like to be sold out by those who have supported us only with words. We have learned from bitter experience that there are no pat answers or mechanical solutions to the problems of liberation.

Robin Morgan set the stage in her keynote speech. She pointed out that it is vital that the movement begin to draw the line between the collaborators and the fighters. She stated that the enemy comes in all forms and that the most dangerous are our sisters who bargain for a piece of the pie while the rest of us starve. The separatists' insistence on "sleeping with one's politics" was answered. No one has time for sex on the barricades! What we need are able hands for fighting, not for making love. The opportunism of the Socialist Working Party and the entire male left was exposed. Women cannot afford to be puppets for the liberation of white male trade unionists, or to be pacified by promises of liberation through men. We have no hope in a revolution that keeps us at least 20 paces behind our "class brothers." Morgan was right on target as she lashed out at the opportunists and the fools who have tried to co-opt our movement, so all the more was our disappointment, when in the afternoon session, it became clear that although she had advanced in her understanding of the problems of the movement she had little more to offer in the way of solutions.

Robin Morgan took her own form of radical feminist cop out. She still sees the source of women's oppression stemming from power relations of the sexual division between men and women and says that our primary task is to unite and defeat men, only now we should tighten up our act and be more careful about the women with whom we unite. To the minority women, the working women, and the socialist feminist women who are not part of the white male left, this was just a more sophisticated version of an old line. Instead of having to step back as women and as lesbians for the liberation of our class or our race, we are being asked to step back as working people and as ethnic minorities for the liberation of our sex. This is sheer opportunism coming from white, middle-class-*identified* women who can't

bear to dirty their hands in the living struggle of all oppressed people. Angry words and the super-emotionalism about the primacy of the oppression of women cannot hide the fact that women are also ethnic minorities and working people and we can no more isolate ourselves from the problems of racism and wage exploitation in the movement than we can in real life!

Morgan made token references to the problems of working women and minority women and even stopped her red-baiting long enough to allow as how there might be some sincere socialist feminists. Tokens are a very bitter pill to swallow indeed when coming from the hand of an avowed "sister." To the women who had the courage to challenge the charismatic trance of the audience in Haines Hall, and voice our criticisms and concerns, the hug and kiss and fast retreat that we received in answer offered us little in the hope of liberation. We need a revolutionary program that is capable of uniting all oppressed people because as women we are part of every oppressed group. It was to that difficult and most important task that the majority of the participants of the conference, including the super-stars refused to address themselves.

There were a few women who recognized the necessity of dealing with these issues instead of covering them up. In the workshop on class, race, and sex, we began to develop our analysis. We first recognized that our oppression as women stemmed not from power relations between men and women, but that those power relations were themselves an artifact of a far deeper problem that had its roots in a system that made us all slaves to the accumulation of private wealth. Most of us agreed that the penis was not the source of man's power, but rather their power came from their control over the wealth of this society. Conversely, our oppression came not from the ego-mania of the male, but rather from the necessity of men's exploitation of our cheap domestic and reproductive services to make their profits. We understood as well, that the same system that defines us as inferior to keep us in the home, defines ethnic minorities as inferior to maintain a cheap pool of labor. Finally, we recognized that the wealth and power of this society is built off the backs of working people and consequently we are divided into classes--those of us who work and those who reap the benefits from our work. Therefore lesbian feminism is inseparable from socialism. Capitalism cannot eradicate sexism--or racism or poverty or war or wage exploitation--without killing itself. The choice is clear: either we are killed by the poverty and repression that is part of the life of women, racial and sexual minorities, and the majority of working people, or we begin to fight

back and build a movement capable of regaining power and creating a society based on the needs of people, not profit.

The workshop also discussed the inadequacies of the present "official" white male left, of the nationalist struggles, and of the reformist and the radical feminist movements when confronted by the multi-faceted character of women's oppression. Although we recognized the need for unity, we saw that a unity at our expense, whether because of our sex or sexuality or race or class, is not unity at all. It is a perpetuation of our subordination under a pretentious and hypocritical label!

What all of those movements have failed to realize is that women are decisive to any revolutionary movement. We have the most to gain and the least to lose from the destruction of capitalism. It is our seriousness and dedication borne out of a life of struggle against the racist and sexist ruling class that will provide the dynamism and direction towards unity and eventual liberation. What many women have failed to realize is that providing that revolutionary leadership is our historic responsibility. We can not run away from it. Our own future and the future of oppressed people throughout the world are at stake.

The majority of the participants in the workshop on class, race, and sex recognized this responsibility, but the conference as a whole did not. When the opportunity arose to make a stand in support of our sisters of color and come to terms with our own contradictions, the majority of our "sisters" were unable to make even a simple statement against racism. The cowardliness of this hesitation is evident when we recognize that even the most liberal of feminists, such as NOW have made stands against racism. There were many excuses offered. Many were uncomfortable about making a statement because it might be taken as reflecting the position of lesbian feminists. Some were uncomfortable about having anything they might say misused by the conference organizers. Some were simply too exhausted from the strenuous weekend to bother themselves with decisive action. Exhausted? Uncomfortable? This was nothing more than blatant self indulgence of the worst sort. How can *any* woman see her "comfort" as a valid excuse for outright refusing to fight for another sister's rights? When we should have given our support with pride and respect, we sat mewling, "We resolve not to make any resolutions." There are no "comfortable" solutions for the minority working woman's triple oppression. If we can't decide and take a stand on something as basic and necessary as the fight against racism, then we need to seriously evaluate what we are doing in a *feminist* movement.

Feminism means demanding for *all* women the same rights granted men, not for white, middle class women only. For those women still vacillating on the verge of serious revolutionary commitment, we say to you--*Do not cross the river if you can't swim the tide*. Our survival is at stake. If you can't stand in solidarity with *all* of your sisters, then don't you dare call yourselves feminists because we are *not* talking about the same movement.

The L.A. conference was a breakdown of the myth that we can unite and fight together solely on the basis of our love for women. The wedges driven by the capitalist class to divide oppressed people cannot be overcome by ignoring our differences. Sugar-coated sisterhood explodes in the reality of a racist, classist society. We must recognize that women constitute the most exploited sector of all oppressed groups, and that the subjugation of any one group is used to keep all of us down. A "revolution" that ignores the particular needs of lesbians, or minority women, or working people, or *any* oppressed group can no more achieve full human liberation than can the *legal reform* of a system that demands sexism, racism, and wage exploitation for its perpetuation. We must build the leadership and organization necessary to synthesize the struggles of race, class, and sex, and capable of carrying out that real revolution. The alternatives are clear. We can choose the isolated struggle of individuals or single-issue groups, leading only to demoralization and defeat, or we can go forward to a revolutionary vanguard of women able to fight for and achieve the liberation of all oppressed people.

People who wish to respond or to obtain any of our basic documents are invited to contact--
Seattle Radical Women
3815 5th N.E.
Seattle, Wa. 98105
ME 27449/PA 50471 ▲

The Morning After

*Red neon signs bleed into morning mist
Soft gray concrete welcomes my first steps.
"I have to be somewhere early," I had told her last night.
Anywhere but there -- it wasn't a lie.*

Rita A. Goldberger

DECLINE & FALL Cont. from page 10

and camped out on the steps of the Federal Building in order to get state and federal and city officials to listen to our demands for liberalized laws and police policies. That was the spirit in which Stonewall was born, even though we were peaceful in our protest.

Now there was no more protest evident, and the banners were campy not angry. At this parade, men, whom I hadn't seen since the GLF broke up, ran up to me with big hugs and kisses -- shows of emotion as meaningless as the cold cheeks my aunts and uncles always turned up to me to be kissed ritually and for show but without love or thought. I had sat struggling with these same men (and some of the women too) at the GLF meetings for months, but when the chips were really down for me, and I lay recovering at home from such a severe case of bronchitis that a rib had broken when I coughed too hard -- an illness which I had gotten from sweeping up at GLF dances at four a.m. and attending meeting after meeting while working fulltime--when this happened, where were all my kissing and hugging friends? My phone acted as if it had gone dead on the wall. I was isolated, abandoned. I must confess that my illness was part of the reason I dropped out of meetings and left floor-sweeping and ice-chipping at dance to others, but I was tremendously shocked when all these former "comrades" rushed up to me with Gay Love balloons and treated me as if I were their best long-lost friend for ten seconds before they moved on to the next discovered best long-lost friend, whom

they just spotted in the crowd. Brotherhood and sisterhood had become a campy show to be put on for the straight (or no-so straight) audience and perhaps to fool ourselves into believing the myth of gay love and into thinking that we really care what happens to each other.

About halfway up Sixth Avenue, I dropped out of the parade to *watch* instead of putting on a show for the spectators and the media. I saw men who were doing rather vile imitations of what they *thought* women should look like, people who I thought had tried in one way or another to co-opt the gay movement or to lead us down primrose paths away from essentials, people who were anti-woman, and some all-occasion marchers who were not gay or even sympathetic to our cause but who had probably found out about the parade from the *Voice* or from Dial-a-Demonstration (this was the *march du jour*). I realized suddenly that I could not choose with whom I marched. A march is a public event and I would be taken as a supporter of whatever the media chose to glorify. That is to say, while I was innocently marching and thinking of the liberation of gay sisters and brothers, I might be represented tomorrow in the newspapers by someone who would say that he was a homosexual because he didn't want to have sex with inferiors--that is, women. Okay, how many gay men think that way, you ask? Perhaps more than men would care to admit, but the point is that when you march you have to accept all or nothing, and can't pick and choose and think that you are supporting GAA but not the SWP, or vice-versa. You can't

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even think that you are supporting the lesbians but not the men, because even marching in a lesbian contingent is ineffective because that year the men and especially the tranvestites raced up to pose for the cameras -- trampling women in their wake.

Disappointed and depressed, I left the parade route and went home. I must say that I have as a result of the '72 parade thought a great deal about parades over the past year. I thought about the parades that had sprung up in the sixties, mostly parades of third-world people, parades born from the ferment of that decade. There was Black Liberation Day, Martin Luther King Day, Puerto Rico Day, etc., and each day brought a parade in which the people marched gaily and celebrated the few of their people who had made it in Amerika. Yes, parades were becoming a single joyous day for the *have-nots* who for one day forgot that they were celebrating their racial pride in a country which had done little to help them and a great deal to suppress them. We homosexuals were just another group of have-nots who began marching in 1969. What have we really to celebrate? The gays on welfare because they can't get a job? The gays in prison on sodomy raps? The children taken away from lesbian mothers and faggot fathers? Or should we rejoice over the few measly states in which the laws have been somewhat changed but in which social oppression still exists? Yes, we're gay and proud, but even my cats can't exist on pride!

I also thought about how my father had taken me to Memorial Day Parades on Eastern Parkway in Brooklyn every year from the time I was two. Hell, I didn't know what Memorial Day was (I think it was then called Armistice Day or Veteran's Day, but that isn't the point). We didn't have a television yet, and I had never been to a movie, nor was I at all aware of the Korean War going on. Yet, I went to the parades each and every year and loved the bands and the colors. By the time I was eight or nine, I was only vaguely aware of what the holiday was about, and I still couldn't relate to the idea of war, but it was a parade and we got out of school (that was important) and going to the parade was a *tradition*. Yes, the parade was *tradition* for my nonreligious family, and I went to it as thoughtlessly and ritualistically as some people buy Christmas presents. The parade was fantastic and colorful, but meaningless.

I related this idea to the Christopher Street March. Many of the people in the parade had never heard of the Stonewall (either because they had come out recently or because they lived as isolated gays). Others came to the parade because they had marched every other year, and to them it was a *tradition*. They came because they *always* came, just as people always bought Christmas trees without giving a thought to Christ. The parade had become a social event -- joyous and gala but meaningless.

The night before the parade, I heard a radio show on which a woman said she was going to the parade because she liked to see all her lesbian friends from around the country. Everything clicked in my mind, and I clearly saw the parade as the meaningless celebration it has become. I like seeing my friends too, but what about the Stonewall, Morales impaled on a

picket fence, Ralph Schaffer shot dead in a gay thrift shop, Lydia French shot in the head, the gay men chopped up in the Village, gays rotting in prison -- and what about the 29 homosexuals who died in a gay bar in New Orleans on Gay Pride day?

I could not march, and as it turned out I was glad of my decision. For once, I watched an entire parade from the sidelines. The banners were more campy than true as in "Bloomingdale's is an equal opportunity employer." Several token parents marched proudly with their sons, and I felt glad for those children as I thought about all the gays I know whose parents barred them forever when they had announced their homosexuality, but perhaps that is changing.

I also saw bar floats, and that had been one of the things I objected to strenuously when I decided not to march. I had heard there would be bar floats, and I feel that most of the New York bars are mafia-owned, and they are part of my *oppression*, not my liberation. I don't want to tear them down right away, but I want to find alternatives for my people -- other places to meet, and gay-owned establishments charging fair prices and giving something back into our community (as into a bail fund, etc.). I can't march with my oppressors!

I was glad I didn't march, especially when I went to the rally. First, the two speakers, Morris Kight and Barbara Gittings, had been picked because they would be the people least likely to offend any segment of the audience (although I don't want to imply that they are not people we want to honor). The rally was supposed to be nonpolitical (whatever

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that means), but I was delighted that Morris, after some thank-you notes, managed to mention a few of our gay martyrs. The crowd was silent--because they didn't know who they were. Barbara Gittings offended the hell out of me when she said that gays were progressing along so nicely that one day we might have a group in the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association. Is that the point of gay liberation, to have gay pigs beating the gay prisoners? I want to be free, but Sappho save me from becoming one of the oppressors!

I should mention that before the speeches, Sylvia (a drag queen) had been beaten off the stage twice by four huge men, while the band played rag time music. I had a flash of protestors being beaten at Hitler's rallies while the band played on. I and several other people started a chant of "Let her speak". No, this wasn't going to be a "political" rally, but "entertainment". Yes, I was right, the Stonewall Commemoration was only entertainment! Finally, Sylvia got to speak and he (I can't call "she" anyone who can wipe off "her" oppression with coldcream) mentioned the gay prisoners. Yeah. Because he spoke, Jean O'Leary from the Lesbian Feminists Liberation was allowed to speak. In a mild statement, she attacked transvestites who imitate women for entertainment or profit. June, my lover, had the "audacity" to applaud, and a drag queen behind us took off his wig and hit her across the head with it. He called us *dirty dykes* and said he was a *better woman than we*. (Translation: "dyke" is still a putdown, dykes are only half-women, while he is three-quarters and does a better imitation of what a "real" woman is. Then he pulled down his panty hose and whipped out his cock (Translation: I'm still a man; I can rape you; I've got balls; dig my ultimate weapon). Obviously, he was playing both ends at once, and the sick creature was threatening us with pure womanhood and pure manhood rolled into one. I didn't want to fight with a sick person. In fact, I'm a pacifist and I didn't want to fight at all (that's a man's way of dealing with a situation), especially in front of the media who would love a DYKES HIT QUEEN fight. I thought of the media, and I also thought of how best to defend myself should this violent man attack me (we were sitting in a tight crowd and he was six-feet tall and standing so my karate maneuvers from the ground flashed through my mind). I also quickly decided that should we fight him, the decision would have to be June's. After all, he had attacked her, not me, and only men defend *their* women. I'm not into role-playing, I'm not a "butch," she is equally capable of self-defense, so it was not up to me to fight for June -- that's a man's game. However, had she decided to fight, I would have fought *with* her. I suppose I knew her decision before she did -- she is as peace-loving as I am -- so we told him off a bit and walked away.

I walked away -- away from a rally in which we had been attacked by one of the men, in which a woman speaker had been booed, in which the men around us had complained loudly that too many "girls" (as opposed to tranvestites) were performing, in which there were many transvestite performers and *straight* women performers who worked mostly in gay bars, in which politics had become a dirty word.

I walked away. I'd like to add "forever" but forever is a

long time. I know I won't march again. I don't want to take the chance of being attacked again by a "brother," and I'm surer now that I can't choose with whom I march or even sit at a rally. The time for marches is over, especially for women, who this year marched at the back, symbolically. I got home and I read about the 29 gay men (only the gay media has somehow decided that gay women died, when in fact only one woman was killed and I wonder whether she was gay being in a men's bar), and I wondered whether the gay male leaders would have called for a national day of mourning had 29 lesbians been burned to death anywhere. You're probably thinking that another bitter dyke has hit the dust. Yes, I am bitter. I'm less idealistic, but I'm still working for the new society I've always envisioned. But I'm more careful. I'm working only with the people I trust, whose love isn't spent in two-second embraces, who care about the Movement as much as I do. I'm working and writing as much as ever, but I ain't marching anymore! ▲

PLAYBOY Cont. from page 7

with anyone HE wants.) I said no, that non-monogamy means loving each other without possession and ownership, but with responsibility for each other's sensitivities; that it means relating to more than one person on an emotionally meaningful level, with or without sex.

Soon afterwards I began to receive messages about this interview. I got a telegram from the Lavender Woman Collective in Chicago, saying they disapproved of my giving the interview. I received one phone call from a group of women in Berkeley who didn't identify themselves. They also were not in favor of my speaking. A few people expressed cautious hope that it might be a good thing. Others were simply mistrustful and felt we would be used by Playboy.

In May I received a preliminary draft of the panel discussion. My initial shock came on the title page, which referred to the piece as "New Sexual Lifestyles." This was the first time I had seen the word "sexual" in connection with this article. My stomach sank as I began to see that things were not going in the direction I had anticipated. Also on the title page were a list of the panelists. I didn't recognize any of the names except Linda Lovelace, who starred in *Deep Throat*. At that point I decided to find out who the others were. A few phone calls to friends told me that Howard Rimmer was the author of *The Harrad Experiment* (a liberal fiction view of sex on campus) and that Phyllis and John Kronshauser were the authors of several sex manuals for married people. I looked at the number of male and female names (8 to 4), and that didn't look good. I began to read the script. After five pages I put the

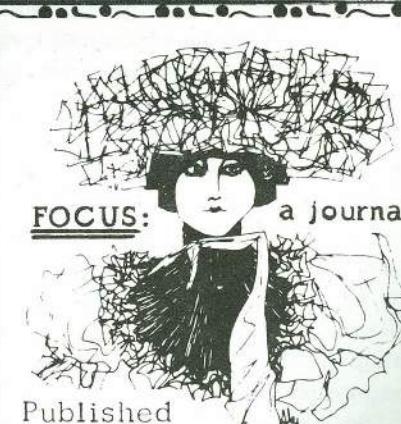
thing down and made several phone calls to find out who the hell some sexist fucker named Al Goldstein was. I have to say it made sense. The editor of *Screw* (sexual liberation-exploitation magazine out of New York) was doing his job well.

I could hardly get through the next 30 pages. The focus of the piece was indeed "new sexual lifestyles." To the straight male community this means all the latest male culture styles of screwing women over and feeling ideologically justified for it. I threw the thing at the trash can across the room, picked up the phone and called Chicago -- collect. I told Mr. Lewis' secretary that under no circumstances would I participate in this piece, and that Mr. Lewis would have a registered letter to this effect in the next two days. When asked why, I said it was sexist to the core, with absolutely no redeeming feminist value in anybody's wildest imagination. I added that it was boring, superficial, trite, and poorly written. I sent that letter to Mr. Lewis and left town, sick with mono. It occurred to me to go through the interview paragraph for paragraph, and write a protest letter of exactly why this piece of shit was an insult to me and every other lesbian and woman. I thought they could print that at the end ("the reason why we had no token lesbian represented"). Then I realized they'd probably take that out of context and splice the comments up. Anyway they'd probably get another sister to participate, and then I would be part of something that put her down.

So that was the beginning and end of a learning experience -- one more chapter in how not to deal with the press. With many more chapters to come. Unfortunately, every week members of our community are contacted to do radio, television, and newspaper interviews. Sometimes we are used even without our naive permission. I've seen enough bad television talk shows with sisters and brothers being set up and their remarks distorted to know that we have to insist upon complete control (doing our own show, writing our own script) in order to benefit our community. I do not believe the answer is to run away from all publicity. In any case that is impossible.

As Jo Freeman writes in "The Tyranny of Structurelessness" (MS., July 1973), "We live in a society which expects political groups to make decisions and to select people to articulate those decisions to the public at large. Only three techniques have ever been developed for determining mass group opinion: the vote or referendum, the public opinion survey questionnaire, and the selection of group spokespeople at an appropriate meeting. The

Women's Liberation Movement has used none of these to communicate with the public. Neither the Movement as a whole nor most of the multitudinous groups within it have established a means of explaining their positions on various issues. But the public is conditioned to look for spokespeople." While the feminist movement has found the "majority vote" method oppressive to minority opinion, the "public opinion" method woefully inadequate and misrepresentative, and "selecting group spokespeople" elitist (whatever exactly that means), we have yet to develop an effective fourth alternative. I don't believe that saying nothing to anyone is a feasible alternative. It would be better not to have to say anything until we all had our shit together and agreed on everything, but such a day is likely to be in the far distant utopian future. One of the dangers of not doing anything is that things get done to you. "Thus, whether the Movement likes it or not, women of public note (in our community this could mean women whose phone numbers are most widely memorized) are put in the role of spokespeople by default." Default is not a clever organizational principle. Control is. Control of our own communities, the building of our own communities, control of our leaderless leaders...the people who will speak for us until we create a new society where hopefully we will have devised that more equitable way of speaking together. ▲



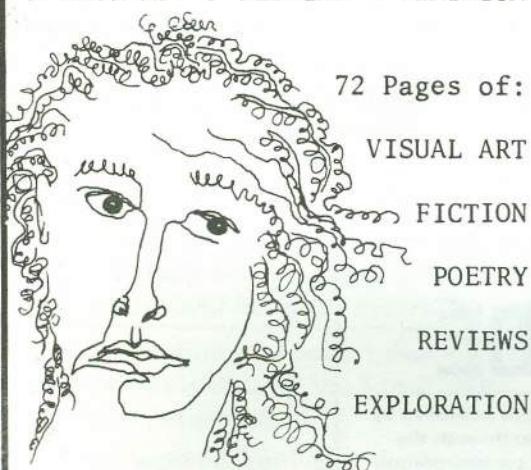
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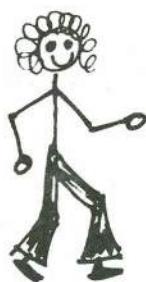
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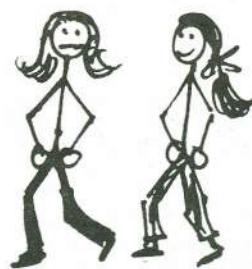
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Subscriptions: \$7.50/year (monthly), LESBIAN TIDE 373 North Western Ave., Room 202, Los Angeles, Ca. 90004

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<input type="checkbox"/> Our organization would like to distribute your magazines. Please send: <table border="1"><tr><td>no. of copies: LESBIAN TIDE</td><td>MOMMA</td><td>SISTER</td></tr><tr><td></td><td></td><td></td></tr><tr><td>no. of copies: WOMANSPACE JOURNAL</td><td>WOMEN&FILM</td><td></td></tr><tr><td></td><td></td><td></td></tr></table>	no. of copies: LESBIAN TIDE	MOMMA	SISTER				no. of copies: WOMANSPACE JOURNAL	WOMEN&FILM					<input type="checkbox"/> WOMAN & FILM
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I/we would like to subscribe to: <input type="checkbox"/> LESBIAN TIDE													
*If you're as confused with this form as we are, then you're probably the perfect people for AWP. We do believe that we can make a large, functioning distribution service out of a joint effort, but we can't tell you that we have it all together yet. Come let us reason together.													
Oh yes: we are working out a distribution contract which we hope will be equitable and profitable for all.													

Royce M. Barlow



3969 Wilshire Blvd

Los Angeles, CA 90010

WHERE IT'S AT . . .

ARIZONA

TUSCON (area code 602)
Gay Women's Liberation
Desert Dykes of Tuscon (DDT)
410 N. 4th Ave., Tuscon, AZ 85705, call 881-1040 or
791-1890, Coffeehouse Friday nights, 8:00 pm

CALIFORNIA

BERKELEY (area code 415)
Gramma Books-Periodicals
2509 Telegraph Ave., Berkeley, CA 94704, 841-9744

LOS ANGELES (area code 213)

Chicana Center
4th & Boyle Ave, Boyle Heights, Los Angeles, 268-4141
2661 S. Pasadena Ave, Lincoln Heights, Los Angeles,
223-1236
Counseling
Bernice Augenbraun, 479-6349
Crises Line
748-1904
Gay Community Services Center (GCSC)
1614 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90017, 482-3062
Gay Mother's Information
Anne Hensley, 828-6395
Gay Sisterhood
UCLA Women's Resource Center, 90 Powell Library,
405 Hilgard Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90024, 825-3945,
(10:00 to 5:00 daily)
Gay Students Council
P.O. Box 2971, Culver City, CA 90230, 461-8228
Health Care
Feminist Women's Health Clinic
746 S. Crenshaw Blvd., 936-7219 (self examination,
pregnancy screening, and abortion referral) Call for
appointment (run by feminists) Free, donations
accepted.
Women's Gynecology Clinic
1614 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90017, GCSC,
482-3062 (open Tues. & Thurs. nights. Free.
Volunteers and donations needed.)

Hotline
GCSC 482-3062 (24 hours)

Legal Aid
GCSC 482-3062
Alan Saltzman (attorney), 461-3464
Lesbian Activist Women
1614 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90017, call
934-6593 for information

Lesbian Research Information
Sharon Raphael, 482-3062 or 732-0860

Metropolitan Community Church
373 N. Western Ave., Los Angeles, CA, 461-2212 (24 hour
hotline, MCC Crisis Intervention Center)

National Organization for Women (NOW)
8864 W. Pico Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 278-0680 or 278-0286

Personal Services
Jobs, etc., 748-0123

Womanspace
11007 Venice Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90034 (art, culture,
discussion) Call 838-9669 for information.

ORANGE COUNTY (area code 714)

Homophile Organizations of Orange County
P.O. Box 1876, Costa Mesa, CA 92626, 642-4253
Radical Lesbian Feminists
Women's Center, 429 Sycamore, Santa Ana, CA
(abortion referral & health care) 836-1213

SACRAMENTO (area code 916)

Gay Community Services Center
1730 17th St. Sacramento, CA
Gay Counseling & Information Service
c/o Barbara Bryant, YWCA, 1122 17th St., Sacramento,
CA, 442-4741

SAN DIEGO (area code 714)

Gay Information Center
263-1411
Lesbian Feminists
c/o Pat Cluchet, 1630 19th St. San Diego, CA 92101, 232-1914
Tres Femmes
P.O. Box 8205, San Diego, CA 92101, 735-7400

SAN FRANCISCO (area code 415)

Gay Liberation Book Service
P.O. Box 40397, San Francisco, CA 94140, (send for free
list of books, periodicals, posters. Much material by gay women)
S.F. Daughters of Bilitis
100 S. Market St., San Francisco, CA 94103

SANTA MONICA (area code 213)

Crisis Intervention Center
West Bay MCC, 643 Rose Ave., Venice, CA, 399-8088
West Bay Metropolitan Community Church
(Bonnie Daniel, Pastor, 1245 4th St., Santa Monica, CA
392-8151 (Sunday services, 2:00 pm)

VENICE (area code 213)

West Side Women's Center
218 W. Venice Blvd., Venice CA., 823-4774

GEORGIA

ATLANTA (area code 404)
Atlanta Lesbian Feminist Alliance
1190 Mansfield Ave., Atlanta, GA 30307, 524-3192

ILLINOIS

CHICAGO (area code 312)
Dykes Express
c/o Nancy Boothe, 2916 N. Burling, Chicago, ILL 60657
(lesbian message posters)
Gay Social Work Task Force
P.O. Box 5317, Chicago, ILL 60680, 791-1464
Who's-lesbian Catalogue
c/o Barbara Lightfoot, 2916 N. Burling, Chicago, ILL

KANSAS

LAWRENCE (area code 913)
Gay Women's Caucus
c/o Women's Coalition, Student Activities Center,
University of Kansas, Lawrence, KS 66044

MASSACHUSETTS

BOSTON (area code 617)
Daughters of Bilitis
419 Boylston St., Room 415, Boston, Mass, 02116,
262-1592

MISSISSIPPI

Gay Counseling & Educational Projects
Contact: Anne de Bary, Mississippi Gay Alliance,
P.O. Box 4470, Mississippi State Univ., MS 39762

MISSOURI

KANSAS CITY
Women's Liberation Union Center
4138 Tracey, Kansas City, Missouri

NEW JERSEY (area code 201)
Daughters of Bilitis
P.O. Box 62, Farwood, NJ, 07023, 674-1111

NEW YORK

ALBANY
MS. Magazine
370 Lexington Ave., Albany, NY

NEW YORK CITY (area code 212)

Gay Counseling
61 Gramercy Park North, New York, NY. 10010
Lesbian Activists at Barnard College (LAB)
McIntosh Centre, Room 106, 3001 Broadway, New York,
NY 10027
Lesbian Food Conspiracy
Women's Building, 243 w. 20th St., New York, NY,
691-1860 (Wed 3:00 to 7:00 pm)

PENNSYLVANIA

PHILADELPHIA (area code 215)
Lesbian Hotline, Women's Liberation Center
4634 Cester Ave, Philadelphia, PA 19143, SA 9-2001
Task Force on Gay Liberation
c/o Barbara Gittings, P.O. Box 2383, Philadelphia, PA 19103

TEXAS

HOUSTON
Montrose Gaze Community Center
504 Fairfax, Houston, Texas 77006

WASHINGTON

SEATTLE (area code 206)
Feminist Coordinating Council
YWCA, Room 206, 5th & Seneca, Seattle, Wash. 622-4077
Gay Women's Resource Center
University YWCA, 4224 University Way, N.E., Seattle,
WA 98105, 632-4747, ext. 3
It's About Time - Feminist Bookstore & Collective
5502 University Way N.E., Seattle, Wash 98105,
LA 5-0999

WASHINGTON, D.C. (area code 202)

Gay Switchboard
Community Building, 1724 20th St., N.W., Washington,D

bar guide

THE AMBER LIGHT B-J
1314 No. Patrero Grande Dr., San Gabriel 288-2232

BACCHANAL '70 L-D-LM Weekend W/M
7034 Melrose, Hollywood 937-8771

BIG BROTHERS B-D-J W/M
1616 W.Washington, Venice

BIG HORN L-D-J W
4882 Lankershim, No. Hollywood 980-9625

BLA BLA CAFE (R)
11059 Ventura Blvd., No. Hollywood 769-8912

DAILY DOUBLE B-D-J-F-W Tues.-M; Weekend-LM
3739 E. Colorado Blvd., Pasadena (1 blk east of
Rosemead) 449-8271

DOVES COVE B/W D-J-W
5813 Washington Blvd., 935-5291

FOX B/W D-J-W
11150 Burbank Blvd., No. Hollywood (formerly
Pacesetters) 980-9657

HAPPY HOUR B-D-J-W
12081 Garden Grove Blvd, Garden Grove 537-9079

HIALEAH HOUSE B/W LM-D-W
8540 Lankershim Blvd., No. Hollywood 767-9334

JOANI PRESENTS L-E-D-J-W
6413 Lankershim Blvd., No. Hollywood 762-1211

LINDA'S LITTLE LOG CABIN B-D-J-W
11522 Ventura Blvd., No. Hollywood 769-9035

LOVE INN B/W J-D; E-Weekend W/M
10700 Vanowen, No. Hollywood 769-9215

OXWOOD INN L-D-J-F W/M
13713 Oxnard (at Woodman) 787-9927

PINK ELEPHANT SALOON L-D-J-F W/M
2810 Main St., Santa Monica 399-9579

ROSS' BRASS BOOT L-F-D-J
5617½ Melrose, L.A. 462-9732

SALOON B-J-D
10448 Ventura Blvd., No. Hollywood 769-9858

STAR ROOM B/W-J-D-W
12705 S. Main , Los Angeles 756-1149

TIGRES LOUNGE L-D-J
6630 Lankershim, No. Hollywood 765-9339

E-Entertainment
L-Liquor
B-Beer
B/W-Beer & Wine
D-Dancing
LM-Live Music
J-Juke Box
F-Food
W/M-Women and Men
W-Women

calendar

(See "Where It's At" for phones and addresses)

MONDAYS

SELF HELP CLINIC: 7:30 pm Westside Women's Center
LEGAL COUNSELING: 5:00 to 7:00 pm, Gay Community Services Center (GCSC)
call for appointment
RADICAL THERAPY: 6:30 to 8:30 pm, drop-in rap, Westside Women's Center

TUESDAYS

ALCOHOLICS TOGETHER: 8:00 pm, GCSC
WOMEN'S GYNECOLOGY CLINIC: 7:00 to 9:00 pm, GCSC
GAY AWARENESS RAP (for women): 8:30 pm, GCSC

WEDNESDAYS

GAY AWARENESS RAP (mixed): 7:30 pm, GCSC
LESBIAN FEMINISTS: 7:30 pm at Westside Women's Center
RADICAL THERAPY: 6:30 to 8:30 pm, drop-in rap at Westside Women's Center

THURSDAYS

TIDE COLLECTIVE: 7:30 pm. All sisters who want to help are welcome.
373 N. Western, Room 202, Los Angeles, CA 467-3931
WOMEN'S EVENING: 8:00 pm, GCSC
GAY LAW STUDENTS: 9:30 pm, GCSC

FRIDAYS:

FUNKY DANCE: 8:30 pm, HELP Center, 7221 Santa Monica Blvd.
GAY SISTERHOOD: 7:00 pm at UCLA, Powell Library 90, Coffeehouse follows
at 9:00 pm.
WOMEN'S GYNECOLOGY CLINIC: (See Tuesdays)
WOMEN'S NIGHT: Womanspace
GOOD TIME HOUR: (Gay Women) 8:00 pm, Westside Women's Center
GAY YOUTH (under 21): 7:30 pm, GCSC
SABBATH SERVICES: 8:00 pm Metropolitan Community Temple

SUNDAYS

GAY WOMEN'S CONSCIOUSNESS RAISING: 4:00 pm, GCSC
WOMEN'S UNION MEETINGS: (Every other Sunday). Call 665-7465 for
information
CHURCH SERVICES: 10:45 am and 7:30 pm, Metropolitan Community Church